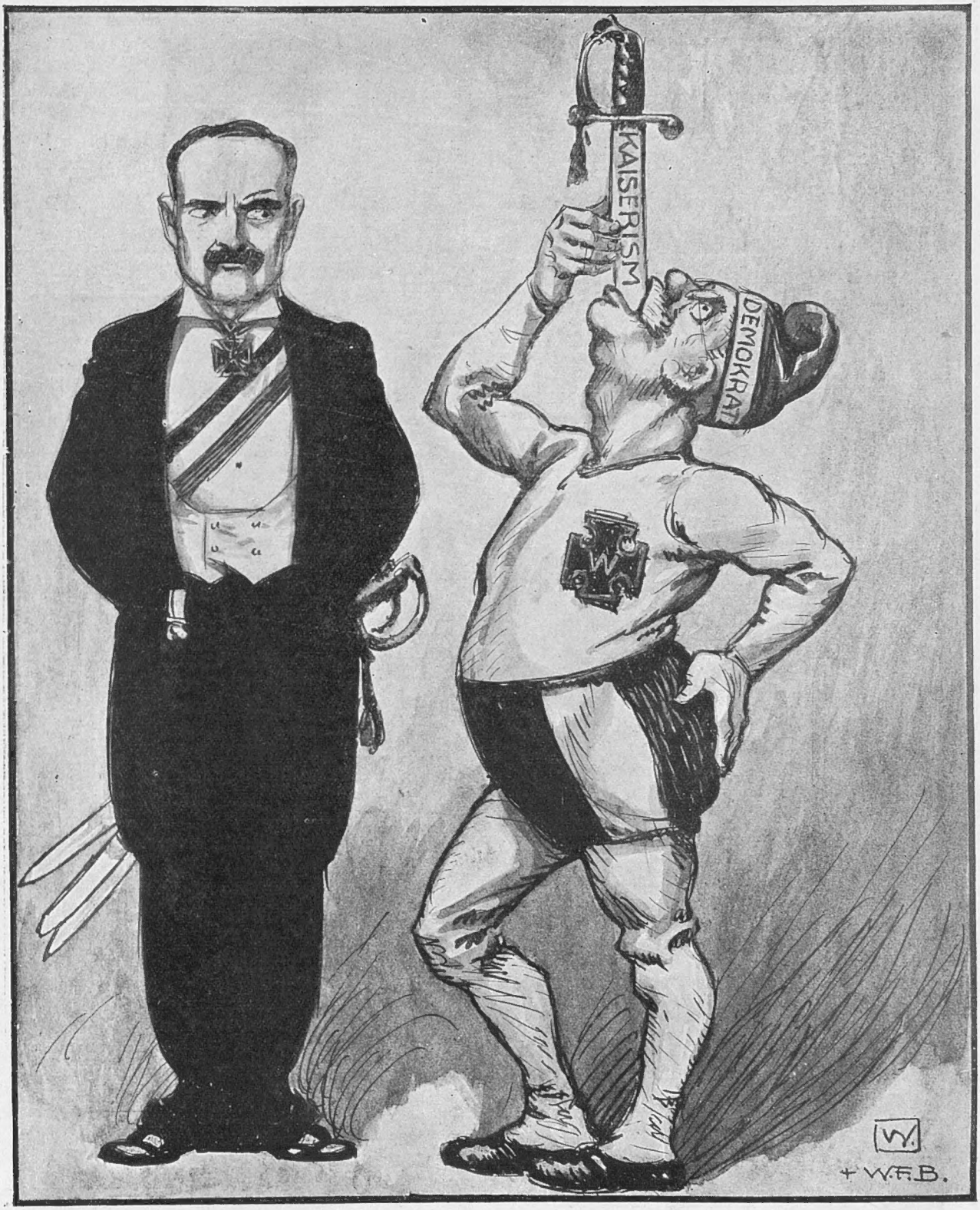
The Bystander, August 8, 1917.—No. 714. Vol. LV.

The BYSTANDER



EUROPE'S CHAMPION "SWORD-SWALLOWER"

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

The Push

FOR a fortnight or more before last Tuesday London had been full of people proclaiming that August 1st would see the Big Push, and that our cavalry was to execute a non-stop run right through Belgium, on the basis of an average advance of three miles a day, with such other variegated embroidery of detail as occurred to the individual rumourist. Consequently, when the offensive was actually taken these people and those foolish enough to be deluded by them were, naturally, not a little disappointed at the reports from Sir Douglas Haig's headquarters.

No Need for Disappointment

YET there was no real cause for disappointment, nor was it felt by those who had learnt the lessons of the Somme, Arras, and Messines pushes—lessons that teach us that ground won must be consolidated before further gains can be attempted. Sir Douglas Haig, being a Scot, is not likely to forget one of the pithiest of his country's maxims—"Mak siccar." He says that his objectives were gained. Why, then, should we look glum because we thought his objectives were something quite different? Even supposing that the push reached its limits on Thursday (which is improbable), the very fact that the Germans claim to have defeated us heavily in a battle in which they *only* lost five or six thousand prisoners and some miles of carefully prepared positions, in addition to the corresponding casualties, ought not to depress us unduly, either with regard to what our troops actually accomplished, or in respect of its effect upon German *moral*.

Heard in London

THERE is just one thing to be said as an excuse for these people, whose optimism before the event is as pestilent as their pessimism afterwards, and that is that many of them, by day and night, for weeks past have actually been able to hear the thudding of the guns on the Flanders battlefield. So terrific and incessant has been the distant rumbling that people were ripe for any rumour—witness the "fall of Ostend" canard, which was almost universally accepted a fortnight ago. If those are our guns, they argued, every German on the Flanders front must have perished long since, and there will be nothing to do for our men but to walk through when the word comes. I suppose some of these people occasionally meet a soldier on leave. Next time they do so let them ask him the proportion of casualties to shell-bursts in his own little sector of the long line. The answer may surprise them, and, incidentally, help them to begin to understand one of the reasons why the war is so costly. It takes a lot of money to kill a German by shell-fire.

VERY NICE OF HIM.

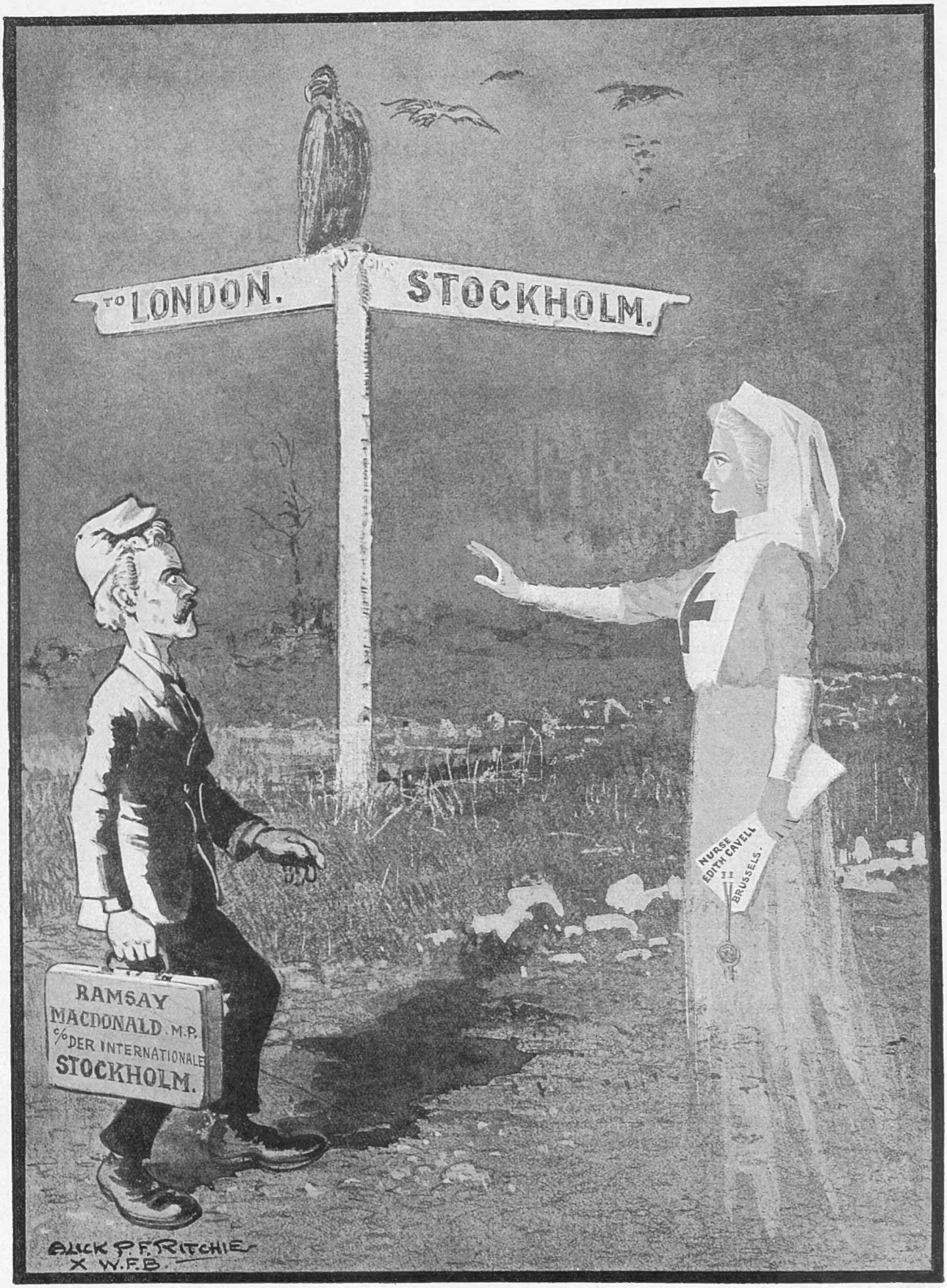
THE HUN: "We do not propose to obliterate the Allies."—(*Dr. Michaelis in the Reichstag*)

K. and K.

WHEN General Korniloff found himself a prisoner in Austrian hands, after fighting to the last in the Carpathian retreat of 1915, perhaps the last thing that crossed his mind was that in less than a couple of years he would be the Commander-in-Chief of the Russian Armies. But so it is; and with Kerensky to keep a firm hand on Petrograd and Korniloff to deal faithfully with mutineers at the front, Russia's prospects are decidedly brighter than they have been for some time past. Korniloff is not the man to countenance the idea of every regiment being its own republic—an idea which has necessarily resulted in nothing but disaster, since those who are ready and willing to fight can scarcely be expected to fight well with the knowledge that the regiments next door to them may turn round and

(*Continued on page 250*)

Quo Vadis?



And even if the representative of the "British Minority" pushes aside the hand that would stay him, the British Majority will not forget either their duty or the objects for which they, in union with the rest of civilisation, are fighting

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Photograph Hoppé

"The Better 'Ole"

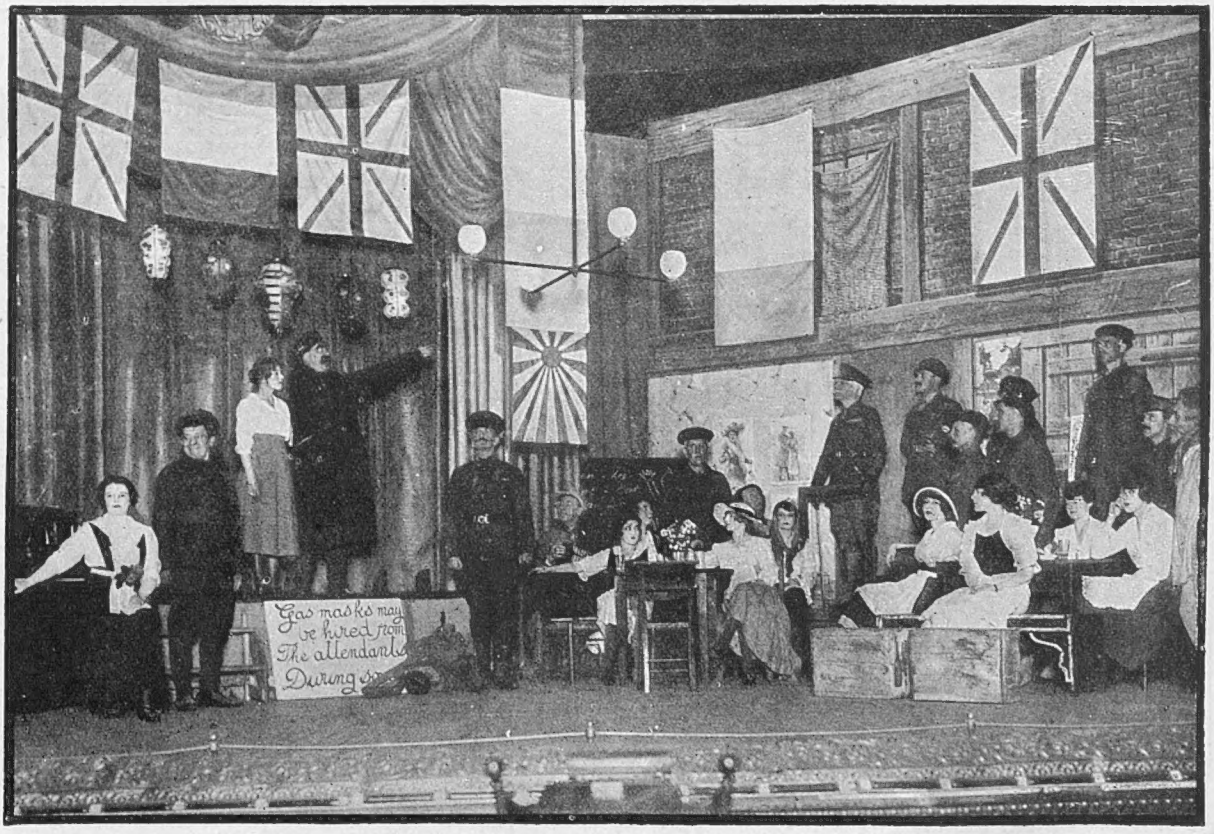
or

The Romance of "Old Bill"

"'Ullo!"

A Few Splinters

from Captain Bairnsfather's play, "The Better 'Ole," produced with such uproarious success on Saturday night at the Oxford, pending the description of "Jingle" (now searching for more adjectives) and the sketches of Norman Morrow (sharpening more pencils), which will appear next week. Captain Bairnsfather (with whom Captain Eliot has collaborated in the play) appears immediately above, with Mr. C. B. Cochran the producer, in the right-hand corner, On the right is seen "Old Bill's" encounter with the spy, and at the bottom of the page a photograph of the scene in which his singing "If you were the only girl in the world" is interrupted by the entrance of his colonel



BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

A REHEARSAL FOR THE REAL THING

The King and Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Connaught, recently visited Aldershot to witness the training of a Canadian Division. In this photograph they are admiring the fine work of Canadian Engineers in building pontoon bridges—an operation the value and difficulty of which (when under fire) have just been brilliantly illustrated in the first day's big push on the Yser

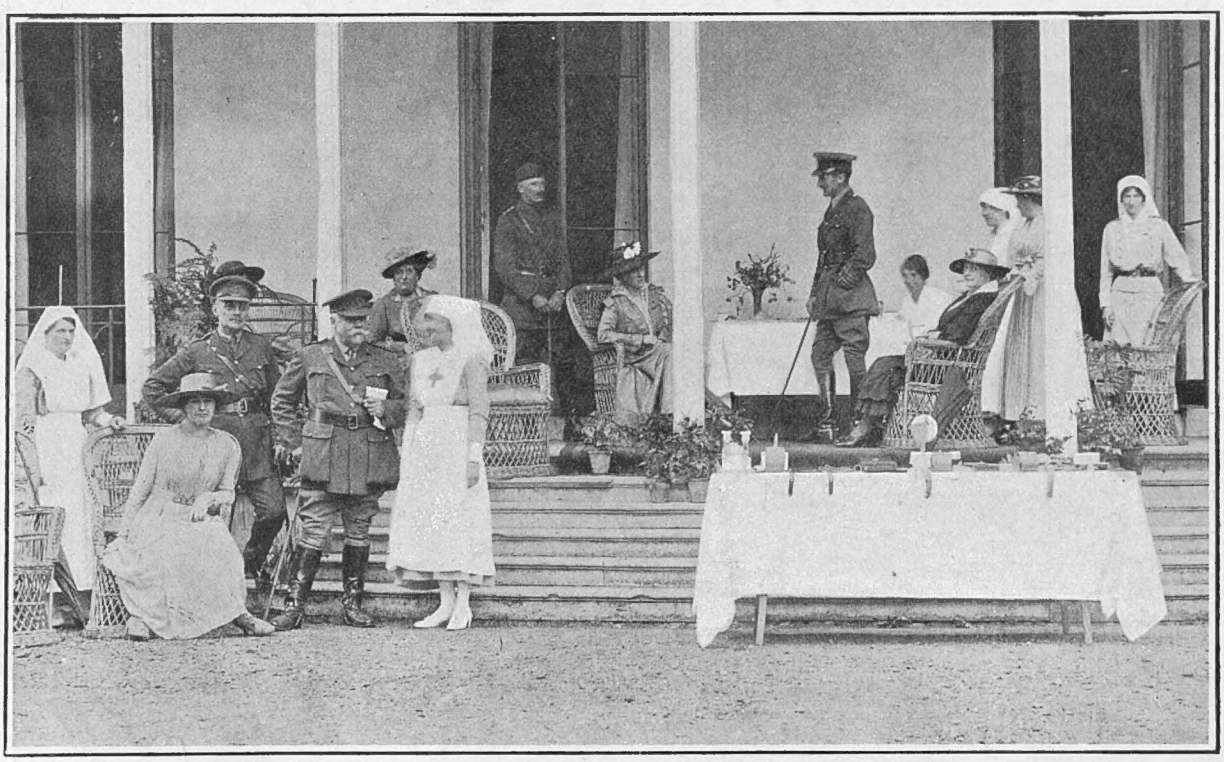
go home just when the pinch comes. Kerensky and Korniloff, with their " blood and iron " policy, ought soon to render the Russian situation less kaleidoscopic. But they have a hard row to hoe.

Censorship as It Should Be

" THEY do these things better in—America " will have to be the new reading of an old tag. The latest example of the way in which the United States have learnt " how not to do it " is given by the decision of their Government, on the recommendation of Mr. George Creel, the Chief Censor, to leave all censorship to the editors of the newspapers, " who can be trusted to exclude all dangerous information." This, I suppose, would be impossible in a country like ours, where the Government claims " Trust the People " as the corner-stone of its existence ! And fancy one of our own holders of a comfortable Government job suggesting that he should be officially abolished because other people could do his work better, and without any expense to the State !

" All the Winners ! "

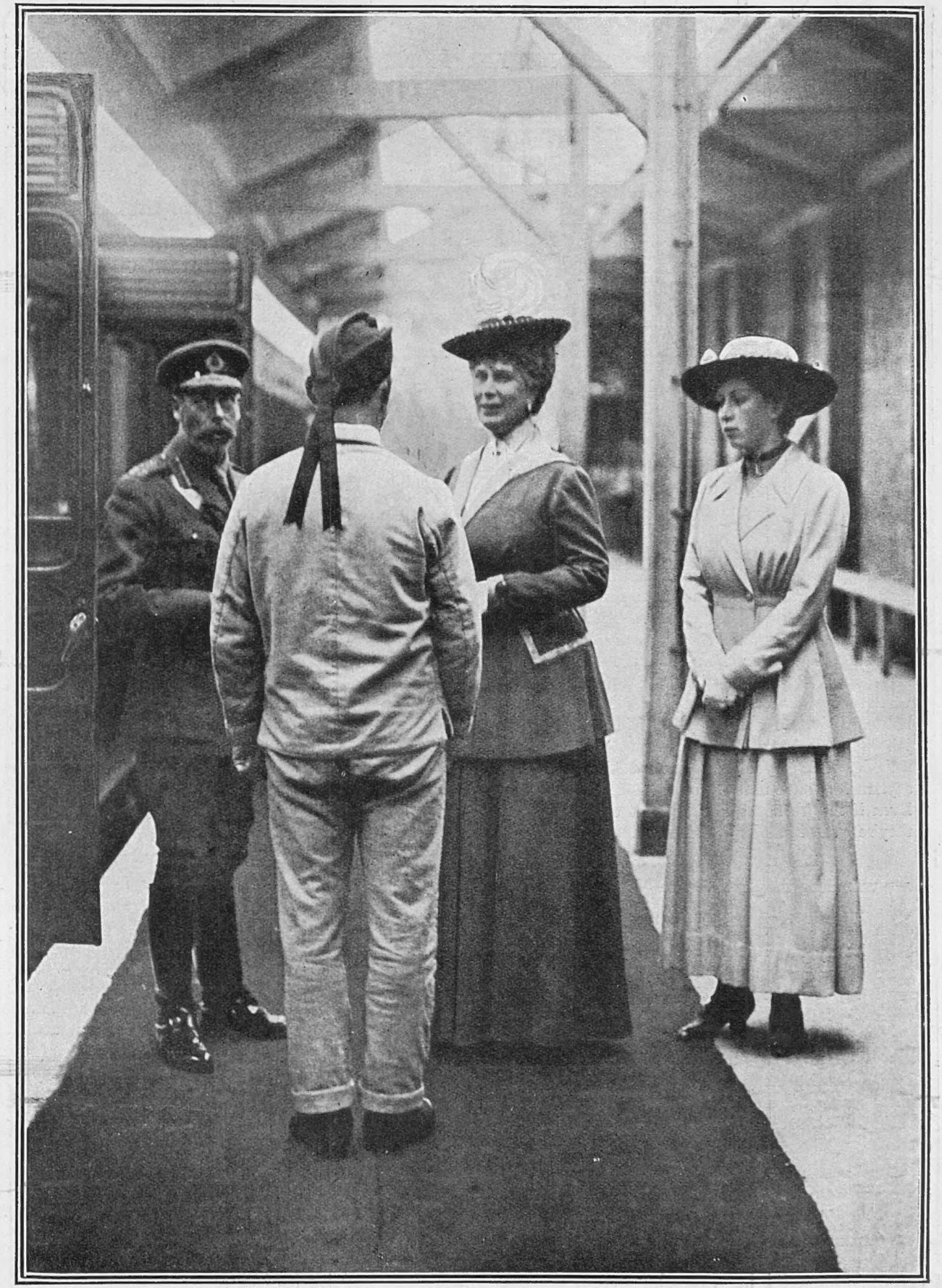
ON all the days of racing at Newmarket last week Fleet Street enjoyed an eruption of yelling newsboys getting rid of their " 2.30 winner " sheets like hot cakes—a delightful commentary on those who maintain that the object of racing is to improve the breed of horses, and that that object is vital to the nation. The fact is that racing is popular simply and solely because it affords an opportunity for betting ; and the authorities apparently prefer that wages should be thrown away to bookmakers rather than let the wage-earner have a chance of investing them in Premium Bonds—because, of course, the latter are an " immoral temptation " !



CANADIANS AT ROEHAMPTON

Princess Louise is here seen taking tea in the pavilion at Roehampton, after distributing the prizes in the sports held at the Canadian Convalescent Hospital, domiciled in these delightful surroundings

King and Corporal



The King and Queen visited Netley Hospital last week, and found amongst the patients an old servant both of the King and of King Edward in Corporal McLean, of the London Scottish. Our photograph shows the meeting between King and Corporal—a source of mutual pleasure

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

LONDON, *August* 6, 1917.

DEAR COUSIN—

FOR miles and miles and miles the earth shakes and the windows rattle because of the bombardment in Flanders—the biggest thing of the kind that, in all these three years of war, has happened yet. But in England now August is here, and with it the holidays, and it's evident no old war's going to rob the Englishwoman of her "change," for the seaside places are chock-a-block, and Bradburys fall like hail on the head of the apartment-profiteer.

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HARDLY a bit different from peace-time, except that there's not many men about—and *that* exception doesn't hold good at Brighton, where, according to the papers, hotels and boarding-houses are so crowded with East End Jews that the town is now known as Palestine-on-Sea. An amusing people, aren't we? I suppose the worst Englishman is a goodish citizen compared with the best of these alien shirkers, yet our men have to fight and fall while these swarming off-scourings of foreign Ghettoes not only sit safe at home, but pinch the Briton's job into the bargain. Really time we dropped it, isn't it, this played-out game of England as an asylum for people not wanted in their own countries? Even if they're not spies like most of the Germans, they're an insanitary crowd of job-snatchers.

"The K.R.R. wearing the Guards' breeches"

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EVEN along the East Coast, where the flying birds so often drop their eggs, there's only less of a squash than there used to be, and I can't say I saw many ruined cities when I last motored down that way. Nor did anything less friendly than a great British naval plane (containing pilot, nice one) come to look on when—with the dragon dogs barking wildly on the brink—we wetted really quite all over our new bathing-dresses.

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TALKING of the Navy, great stories going the round about how it's starting in very shortly now with a little push all its own. Not, of course, that there'll be much talk about it when they do. The Silent Service is still to be the Silent Service if it *has* got a brand-new "business" boss. Unlike some First Lords we have heard of, this one's publicly declared his intention of not interfering in naval strategy or tactics, and though he's there to boost things up generally, there's not even a rumour about a Publicity Department being included in his reforms.

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WOULDN'T be very popular, would it, with a Service that even in its most personal and private records is loth to admit that it's really ever done anything much. I've been rather amused by a description of a quite deadly little scrap that happened on the Tigris when our warships were on their way to the triumphal entry into Baghdad. H.M.S. —— with other gunboats ran the gauntlet of the enemy's batteries, machine-guns, and rifle-fire at the very closest range, forced her way through them, and then proceeded to smash up the Turkish gun-teams and transport that were on the bank. But the somewhat laconic entry in H.M.S. ——'s logbook ran:

12.4.—In action with enemy at Nahr Kellak.
9 p.m.—Grave-digging party landed.
9.45.—Supper.

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LET themselves go a bit more when it comes to a question of play. I've just been sent a most elaborate programme of a revue most successfully produced by "The Muck Empires, Limited," at La Petite Theatre, on board H.M.S. Blank, title, "Hullo, Doldrums!" "There was only one hitch," writes the gallant snotty-just-turned-sub author. "It occurred in the last act, when the leading lady (a flapper) was telling the Sultan who'd captured her what she thought of him. Suddenly there was a frightful bang: his—I mean her—corsets had carried away; but he—I mean she—stuck out the show wonderfully well considering it took three of us to squash him—I mean her—into them at the beginning. This little accident really, though, helped to make things a success. The audience

"Now there's a glut of 'em again"

"Who got off his stretcher when he heard his leave-warrant had come through"

hadn't expected or hoped to see a Kirschener study in our revue."

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THERE'S a delicious light-heartedness and plenty of nice, young, unsophisticated humour about these naval dramatic efforts. Bursts irrepressibly out even on the programme, where the Muck Empires, Ltd., announce that all the actors, actresses, and staff engaged in this twentieth century crime have attested, or are exempt, from military service. All, however, hold commissions in the Salvation Army. The characters include Gertie Giveaway (doubtless the lady with the corsets), who degenerates into Gert (who takes in washing); Eata Razin (Acting-Sultana); and Isaac Byakatch (a Palestine merchant), also as supers singing and humming oysters, Medes, Persians, publicans, and sinners, and full beauty chorus of gardeners, maids, cooks, worms, ants, mosquitoes, cockroaches, etc.

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"WE are ever so far away from you just now, dearest land-nymph, in a hot and horrible spot," writes the author; "but we just grin and enjoy it—so the papers say! I've often wanted to write to you, Blanche, as you are really a mess-mate of ours. At least, we are always talking, arguing, and nearly fighting about you. The parson's son in our mess thinks that you're some horrible old man; but he's an exception, and we've told him off all right. Well, cheerioh, and remember us to dear old London."

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GRATEFUL acknowledgments, too, to the staff of the *Glo'ster Gazette* for the last issue of their fine trench magazine that started first of 'em all and has carried on bravely though so many others have gone west under the stress of war, and, alas! war losses. The Glo'sters' humour is also of the kind you can enjoy on a hot day in a hammock in the garden, with a box of chocs. within easy reach and tea in the near offing.

"WHO got ten days' leave to buy his kilts in London?" is "One of the Things We Want to Know," also, "Who got off the stretcher when he heard his leave-warrant had come through?" "Did the issue of rabbits coincide curiously with the mysterious disappearance of cats from L——?" and "Who were the two officers who dismounted when the C.O. cracked his whip?"

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THERE are some valuable suggestions on the use of the eternal chit, by Sir B. F. Chortle, Bart., which'll probably appeal to both those who've written and those who've received them. That there should be a Commission on Chits to sit at the Ritz, for instance, and that in the meanwhile frequent paperchases should be held in all battalions, fatigue parties to be detailed on the previous evening to mince the chits.

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AND this to the air of "Temple Bells" is a Glo'ster poet's little impressionist sketch of any night in the trenches:

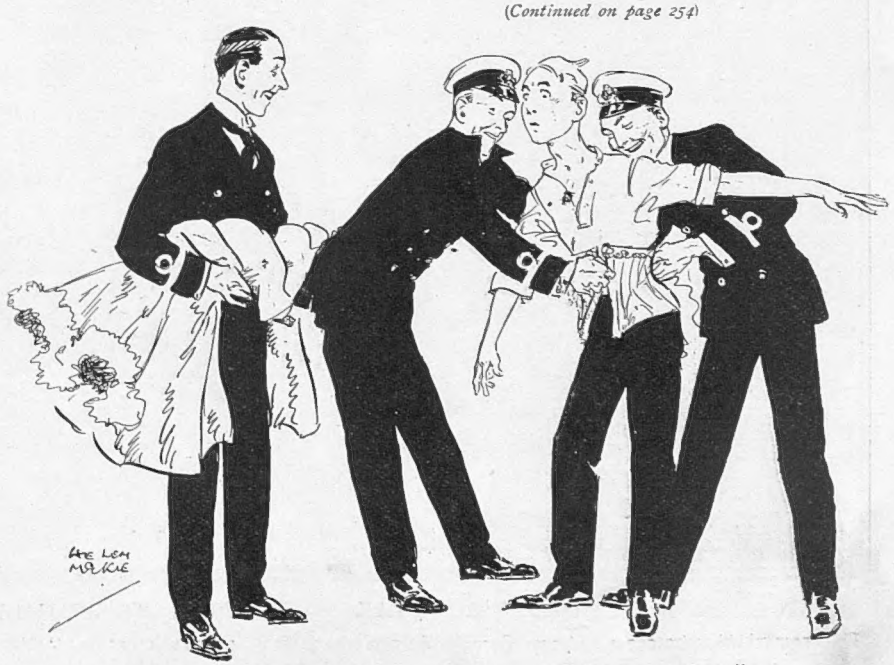
When the Whistling Pigs are flying,
And the Emma Gees are crying,
I lie hidden in some deeply sunken lair;
Or I go around the posts,
Where the German dead in hosts
Are poisoning all the dark and humming air,

An inquisitive R.E.
Comes up our line to see,
And tells us all the rumours of the war;
Oh, he makes me nearly swoon,
For he says that very soon
We'll boost, and our objective's O.G. 4.

卐 卐

IN London now it's what we used to call the "dead" season, of course, though what with the myriad war-workers and their myriad jobs in their myriad hives *and* that dear delight of war-time days, leave, there's more than a certain liveliness still. To the soldiermen, of course—even those who in the old days would never

(Continued on page 254)



"Considering it took three of us to squash him into them"

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded*)

have dreamt of being seen anywhere between Hyde Park Corner and Pall Mall from August to October—London these days, any old month, is a small Paradise, a haven of joy, a giddy whirligig of dazzling delight.

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SUPPOSE it must be because they are in the mood to enjoy anything—after "over there"—that some, anyway, of the revues and things I've seen lately manage to keep their ends up so amazingly. For of all the dingy, dreary drivel. . . . Well, I leave it at that. Helps, though, doesn't it, to throw an illuminating sidelight on the boredom and the weariness of life out there about which, as the *Glo'ster Gazette* remarks there seems to be a certain amount of misunderstanding.

Some people at home have got the idea that officers and men alike are having a very pleasant holiday—rations free, too—in France, etc, Sir William Robertson is reported to have said that when he wanted a holiday he went to France, owing to the cheeriness of the British Colony there, which formed a contrast to the long faces sometimes seen at home. The truth is, of course, that were it not for the spirit of *bonhomie* and cheerfulness, we should all find it very hard to keep going. Those who sang *Morituri Te Salutant* sang with a smile too.

They go where England speeds them,
They laugh and jest at Fate;
They go where England needs them,
And dream not they are great.

卐 卐

TALKING of Army privileges (?), ructions threatened, they say, among the Guards because other regiments—the K.R.R. for one, I believe—are daring to usurp a most treasured little idiosyncrasy of theirs—to wit, the wearing of breeches as loose as their tunics are tight, draped gracefully down in flowing folds, to the middle of their puttees, somewhat after the manner of the pre-war last scream in golf knickerbockers. To the mere eye of the uninitiated these elongated tubes are not, perhaps, beautiful, and they must be fearfully stuffy in the summer-time.

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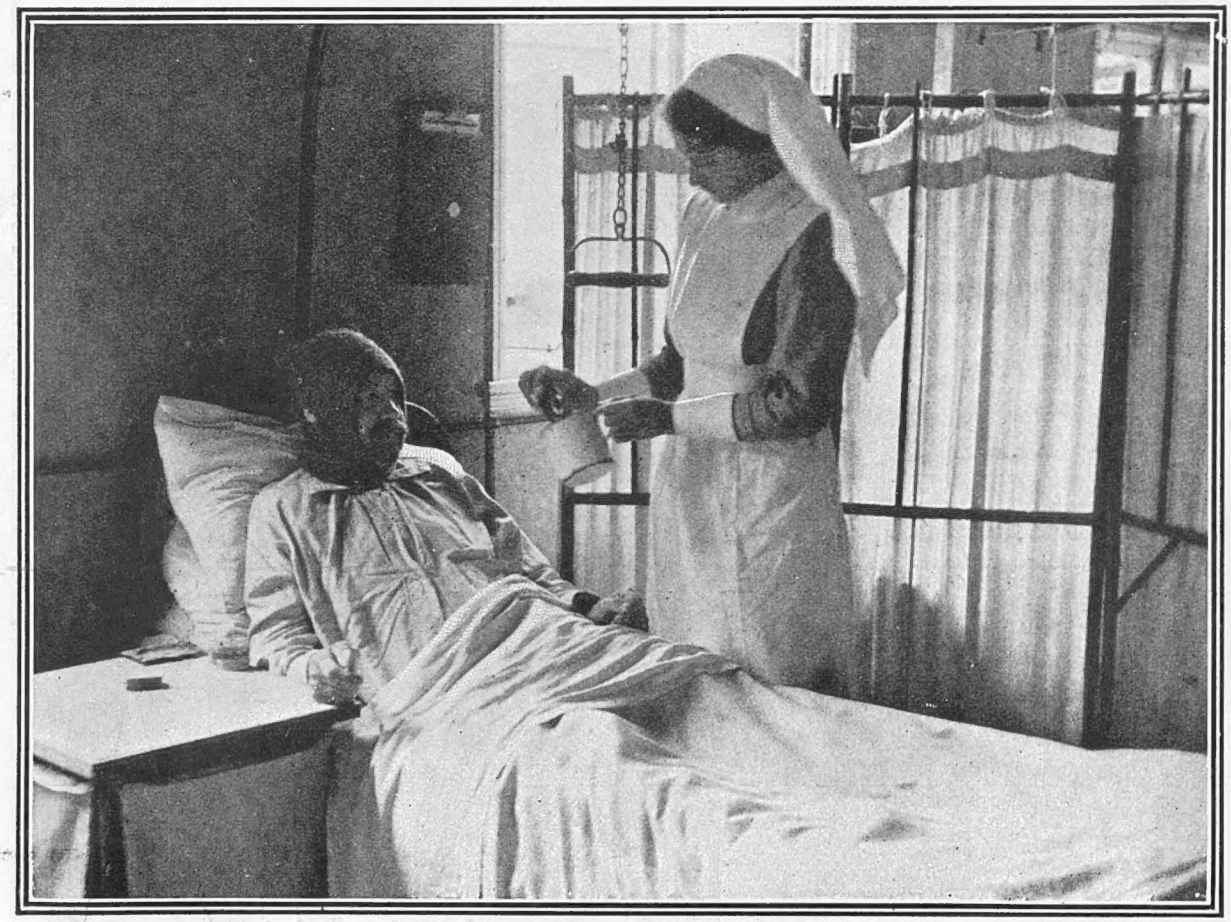
BUT they're a distinction from the other feller—and that's *so* important, isn't it? You remember, perhaps, the trouble, Grenadiers *v.* Bombers. It was one of those Army Orders did it in the early days of bombs. It enacted that bombers should be called grenadiers, and the Grenadier Guards didn't half kick up a fearful dust about it. Lasted for months, the struggle, and ended with an appeal to the Highest Quarters—which did the trick. Now Grenadiers are grenadiers and bombers are bombers for ever and ever and ever, amen.

卐 卐

VALUE of a thing does depend on its rarity, doesn't it? Take potatoes. . . . Lots of people never cared whether they ever saw the face of one again before the late tremendous no-potato scare—when half the population stood in queues at the greengrocers' shops while the other half frantically jabbed at their unfortunate allotments with their nice brand-new spades. Now there's a glut of 'em again, and already we've forgotten that for a brief space their price was above rubies—all, that, is, except the potato and spade-mongers who, no doubt, have now retired and will be shooting next week over the grouse moors they've bought with the profits.

With love, yours ever,

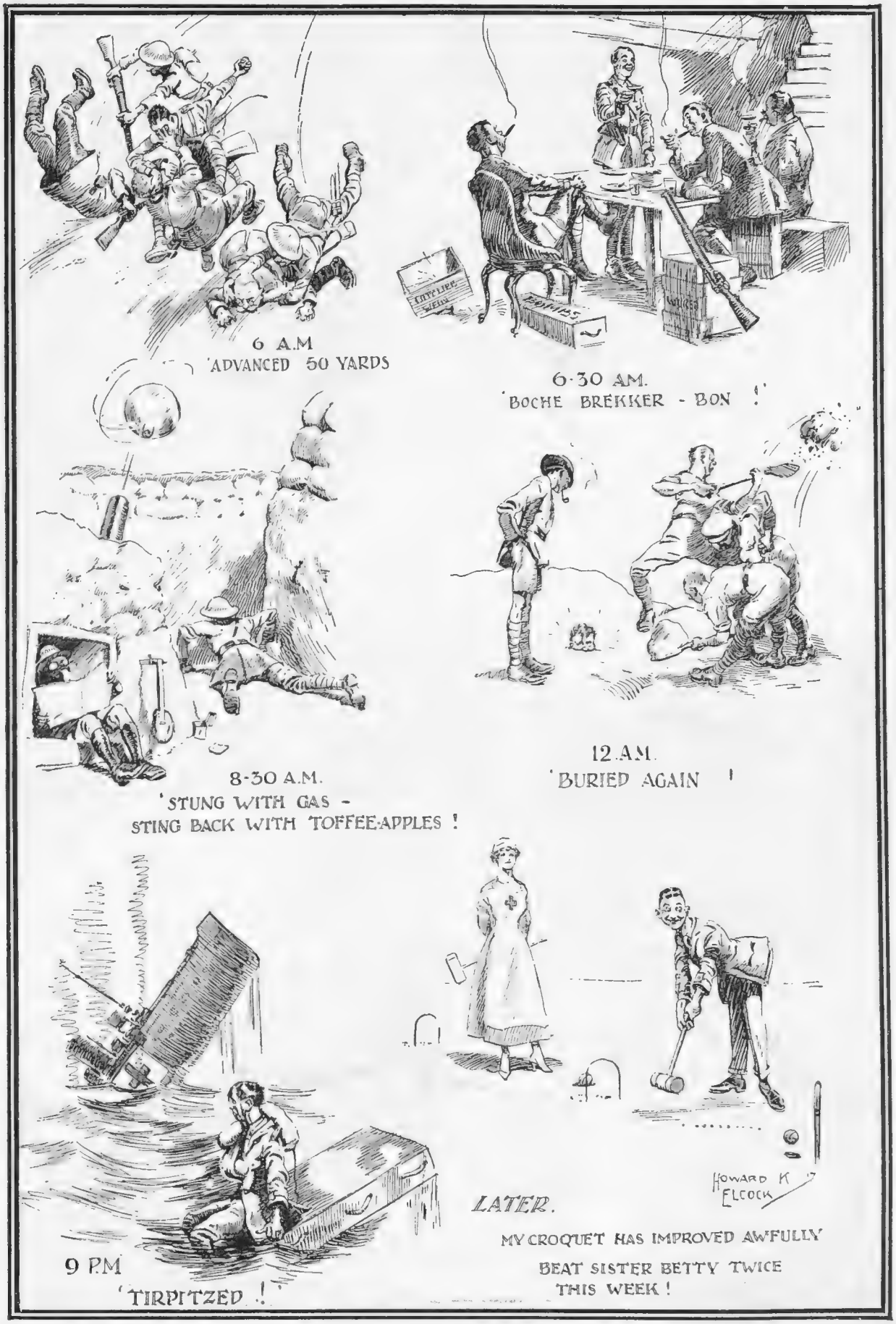
BLANCHE



"OLD BILL" TAKES A LITTLE REFRESHMENT

This remarkable photograph shows Captain Bairnsfather's most popular creation, "Old Bill," as a real life "Fragment"

All in the Day's Work



PASSED BY CENSOR

A DIARY OF THE TRENCHES—INSIDE AND OUTSIDE

"Somewhere in Flanders"

THE SPY SEASON

My Dear Bystander—

The spy season is now in full blast, and every morning we find a queue of veracious, lynx-eyed persons outside our moth-eaten office burning to communicate particulars of tall, thin, short, fat men with curly teeth, who hang about outside the aerodromes, sparks seen from railway engines, wireless installations neatly fixed between the chimney-pots, and mysterious blue lights shooting up from cornfields; though the limit of human forbearance was reached when a crimson-faced woman, built like a barrel, who sells tobacco at the corner of the Place, whizzed, breathless, into the room to announce—between syncopated gasps—the sensational intelligence that her trade rival in the house over the way had a dog which barked in a most peculiar manner five minutes before enemy aircraft appeared overhead. It seems that lots of people have noticed it.

⁂ ⁂

We had a grim affair yesterday. An anxious-looking officer turned up on a bicycle to tell us that at 11 p.m. last night as he was walking down the road towards the lorry park he noticed the figure of a man standing motionless at his bedroom window and gazing out across the fields. The fact struck him as curious, and from the hedge he kept observation on the fellow for two solid hours. One o'clock struck, and the man still remained motionless staring into space. He felt he ought to come and lay all the facts before us.

⁂ ⁂

And quite right, too. But we didn't tell him that the owner of the house he described had been round half an hour earlier to report that as he was retiring to bed last night at about eleven o'clock his attention was attracted to an individual, dressed as a British officer, who remained motionless in the hedge for two solid hours, a circumstance which appeared to him highly suspicious, and he felt it was his duty to come and report it. We thought it might dishearten him.

⁂ ⁂

"As sure as I'm alive, sir," repeated the corporal with the sandy hair earnestly, "I saw them pigeons fly out of the top left 'and corner of the 'ouse next the church. Two fine birds they was, too—made me feel quite 'ungry." This is clearly a case for what is known to us sleuthhounds as "quiet and discreet observation." Many and wonderful are the things revealed by quiet and discreet observation (as distinct from the noisy variety).

⁂ ⁂

Yesterday, for instance, we learned to our infinite satisfaction that a certain female who has been signalled as a suspect left the house at 10 a.m. and bought half a kilo of onions. At 10.15 she bought a large piece of scrubbing soap, at 10.25 half a pound of soda, at 10.30 half a pound of lard, and again at 6.30 she bought a bunch of radishes. Just think how handicapped we should be if we didn't know all this. The value of such information is incalculable. As a matter of fact, our suspicions all along had been that she was buying cabbages. *Now* we know that it is really radishes and onions, and we can lay our plans accordingly.

⁂ ⁂

But discreet observation has its darker moments like everything else in this bad, sad world, and I try to forget what our sergeant remarked after he had been sitting all night with a revolver in his lap in an empty house, as damp as a vault, from which green lights were said to emerge, and the next morning the fellow who had given the information came round to say that he had made a mistake in the house, the one he really meant being a hundred yards further down the road! But, then, everybody gets rheumatism sooner or later.

Yours ever,

Jack Johnson

"SOMEWHERE—A VOICE IS CALLING!"

Why M.C.A.?

PASSED BY CENSOR

One of those unfortunate photographs. The photographer has carefully omitted to consider his background when snapping this group of Kultur

Prominent Personalities at the Paris Conference

ADMIRAL DI REVEL (ITALY) on right

ADMIRAL JELLICOE AND ADMIRAL LACAZE

SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON

ROUMANIAN DELEGATE, GENERAL ILIESCO

MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND MR. BALFOUR

M. RIBOT AND GENERAL PÉTAIN

The Bystander in Paris

"L'HEURE DE L'APÉRITIF"

"Le beau geste Américain"

CAFÉ GAULOIS, *August.*

MONSIEUR ET CHER ALLIÉ—

"NO, do not malign the *régime de guerre, messieurs!* It has its drawbacks, I consent! But consider how great are its advantages, for is it not the best preserver of youth and beauty? An example, *messieurs!* Look at our dear Paris in this month of August, 1917, and compare her with what she usually is at this season! Amiable, charming, adorable—yes—but, you must admit, a little *fanée*, a trifle bedraggled; in short, like those *belles dames* whose looks have lost the freshness and grace of their springtide and have not yet acquired the mellow charms of autumn, who begin to shun the daylight and wait for the glamour of night to reassert their claims on our admiration. But this year, who dares say that Paris is *passée*, though here and there a leaf is turning brown? Ah! how she sparkles, how she rustles her green plumage in the breeze—as if the lilacs were still in blossom and the grapes were not already on our tables! *Eh, bien, messieurs!* if this year our *Ville Lumière* in her eighth moon is still radiantly youthful—a very *Ninon de l'Enclos* among cities!—is it not, I ask you, thanks to the *régime* she has been forced to observe so strictly? Therefore, *Vive le régime de guerre, messieurs!*"

⁂

THESE, monsieur, are the utterances of one of our most distinguished clients, whom we all revere as the "Last of the Boulevardiers." Monsieur remembers him, does he not? It is true that we bury him once every year (generally about this season) and that the papers never fail to devote an obituary article to his memory as the last of a famous stock; but, of course, he never really dies! Like his pendant the "Last of the Bohemians" and the "Beggar on the Pont-des-Arts," he will be with us to the end.

⁂

BUT I, for one, do not deny that he spoke to good purpose, because it is really a little ungrateful of so many Parisians to be raising heaven and earth to desert the Capital for other rivals at the seashore or in the mountains. It is true that for the last two summers they have clung to her through all seasons, however uninviting her moods. Their steadfastness has been admirable. It seemed as if they were afraid to leave her even for a week-end. Of course, as M. Georges puts it, "nothing revives one's ardour like a little apprehension!" but, as I was saying, the one idea now is how to get away as far as possible and make up for lost summers. It's not the railway authorities who encourage this craving! Quite the contrary! Fifteen hours in a "train omnibus," whether it is Brittany or the Haute-Savoie, seems to be exacted as a test that it is a real case of "travel-fever."

⁂

BUT here, as everywhere else, human beings are divided into two categories. Those who own motor-cars and those who do not. Since the war there is a third category—those who have, or are able to get, petrol for their cars. It is from M. Aristide, who is the source of all tips, that the Café Gaulois

(*Continued on page 260*)

"The popularity of the 'Flics'"

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

has learnt how to qualify for this third category. It is so simple! All one has to do is to prove to the powers that be that one is obliged to go to some distant place on an *affaire de ravitaillement*. It is the mysterious password which admits one into the "gasolene category." Just now it is the fashion for automobile folk to be interested in Normandy cider or Swiss cheese.

⁂

LESSER mortals, however, need not despair. There is a way of getting to summer haunts even without steam or horse-power. An artist friend of M. Georges, and whose personality is among those most remarked at the Café Rotonde, has discovered it. It also, monsieur, is simplicity itself. The painter in question simply invested a modest sum in a *fiacre* and its four-footed adjunct, both of which required a holiday as much as he did. Then one fine morning, some four weeks ago, the trio set out (some say it was a quartet and that a "super-cargo" was on board) from the Quarter for "a seaport in France," as the Censor would say. By last reports they had been sighted somewhere in the "Landes" of Brittany, making satisfactory progress and on the best of terms.

⁂

APROPOS, that reminds me, monsieur, of an extraordinary apparition which I beheld with my own eyes in the early morning hours. A 'bus, monsieur!—a real horse-propelled omnibus!—jolting along near the Gare du Nord, with a solitary passenger on the *impérial*, reading his newspaper, as if it were still last century! At the time I thought it was some make-shift experiment of the omnibus company, but now I ask myself whether it was not some eccentric "milord"

"The last of the Boulevardiers"

of the old-time breed going for his summer holiday!

⁂

CERTAINLY nothing will surprise me any more very soon! *Tenez!* this very morning I was greeted with a spectacle which at any other time would have made me tremble for my reason. It was while I was doing my marketing in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, where Frédéric is a familiar figure to the *marchandes de quatre-saisons*, whose little carts are now piled high with peaches, apricots, plums—yes, and even bananas, which we missed for so long. Suddenly through the thick of the market crowd appears a squad of policemen.

⁂

MONSIEUR knows that for our *marchandes de quatre-saisons* a policeman's *képi* is what the scarlet cloth is to the bull. So I expected to assist at one of those verbal encounters for which the Faubourg is famous; but imagine my stupefaction when the lady who was weighing out my *kilo* of peaches without a word of warning selected the choicest specimen from the upper layer (the layer from which no ordinary customer is served!) and offered it to the nearest *agent*, who, with a smile, accepted the tribute and devoured it with relish. And he was not the only favoured one! Each of his companions seemed to share his popularity, for as they passed along the Faubourg there was not a *marchande* who did not press some token of her esteem into their willing hands till their pockets were bulging and their tunics covered with nosegays.

⁂

NATURALLY I inquired the reason for this sudden popularity of the otherwise detested *Flics*. Monsieur should have heard the answer! "*Flics!—non, mais!* Can't you see the yellow stripes on their sleeves—*bourgeois?* Don't you go calling them *Flics* round here! They're *poilus*, every one of 'em! Those medals and stripes they got in the trenches, not bullying poor folk at home! It was high time the Government sent them back to their families—and to show some of their colleagues how to conduct themselves towards ladies!" . . .

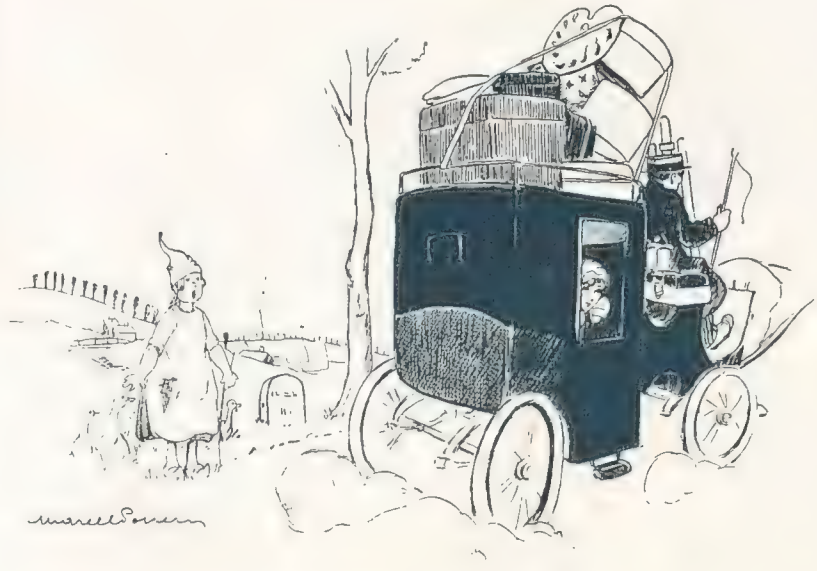
"*Voilà! Voilà!*" . . .

⁂

OH, these *additions*, monsieur! If only all our clients would imitate the *beau geste américain* of disdaining small change! It makes things so much easier for the *garçon*—especially with this dearth of sous!

À bientôt, monsieur,

FRÉDÉRIC



"Somewhere in the 'Landes' of Brittany"

The Babes in the Wood

THIS IS WHAT COMES OF HAVING WICKED UNCLES!

Some War-Time Applica

Man, in his time, p
—And oft gets land

ations of an Old Rhyme

plays many a part,
ded in the cart

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BY "JINGLE"

Illustrated by Norman Morrow

SOMETIMES I think it is hardly fair to criticise the first performance of a new revue, because it conveys, as a rule, only a faint idea of the brilliant entertainment which will undoubtedly develop in due course. Probably before these lines are in print *Round the Map* will have been taken in hand and dusted and polished, and then put back on the stage in a brighter and a better way. As the revue was shown to us on the first night, it had obviously all the makings of a good entertainment, but it was not, to say the least, exhilarating. A musical friend whom I met in the promenade just before 9.30—I can be quite positive as to the hour—was very enthusiastic about the music of Mr. Herman Finck, which, he said, was destined to achieve a wide popularity. Even so, a revue does not live by music alone; and by this time, no doubt, the management will have been able to jerk a joke or two into the picturesque proceedings.

⁂

THE story is rather involved. So much so, in fact, that given away with every programme is an official summary which is, if anything, foggier than the story itself. The idea is that the Argentine Lottery Company is sending a team of beautiful girls round the world. As marriage is itself also a lottery the Lottery Girls will naturally expect to pick up husbands *en route*. One of the girls is marked with what the official exegesis calls a "shy tattoo," and as to that I must really decline to be drawn into any controversy involving a definition of terms, especially as, after all, it may not mean what you think it means. The lucky finder of the tattooed girl will draw a prize of one hundred thousand francs. So far, the plot is clear enough. It is, indeed, so clear that you could turn the gas down and still follow it.

⁂

THE complication begins with the arrival on the scene of Impikoff and Umpikoff, the same being Mr. Nelson Keys and Mr. Alfred Lester respectively. As soon as you have fully realised that the function of these two artists is to try to burlesque those famous people, Potash and Perlmutter, they switch off abruptly into other characters. Mr. Keys becomes a coloured waiter, and Mr. Lester

(*Continued on page 268*)

In a Castle of Spain

Photograph *Wrather and Buys*

MISS EILEEN MOLYNEUX

A popular player in "Round the Map" at the Alhambra

"ROUND THE MAP" AT THE ALHAMBRA (*concluded*)

develops into a Japanese Conscientious Objector. It is in this disguise, by the way, that Mr. Lester sings the best song of the evening, the only fault of which is its tantalising brevity. Resuming their Impi and Umpi shapes, these energetic comedians introduce us to Tootsie, a demure and plainly dressed girl, who is engaged in the useful industry of darning socks. (For soldiers, I presume.)

IMPI then makes a bet with the handsome hero of the revue. The betting is that the hero will marry the darning girl. It seems to the hero like picking up money, because she is the last girl likely to attract him. Impi makes another bet with a lady, who agrees to marry him if the hero marries Tootsie; but at this stage the wagering becomes so involved that it would need a life member of Tattersall's to follow it clearly. No doubt several storeys of this sky-scraping plot will be jettisoned as the revue grows in grace. The adventures arising from the search for the "shy tattoo" would be quite enough to carry the revue to success, especially in weather of this kind.

In the course of trying to win his bets Impi trots Tootsie round with the crowd, and sees to it that she is superbly dressed in the latest and most fascinating creations, till the hero finally falls a victim to her splendour. It then transpires that she is the tattooed girl. The mark in question is upon her finger-tip, and has hitherto been concealed by the thimble, which is the emblem of her humble industry.

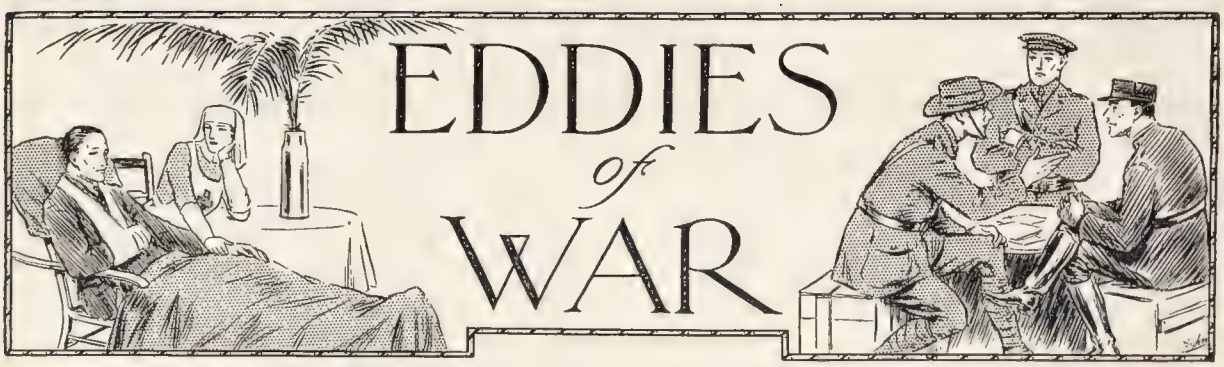
MISS VIOLET LORAINE is the Tootsie of the piece, and all her songs are noteworthy. One of the best of them is a quaintly humorous ditty with a chorus to the effect that since someone has got to darn the hero's socks it might as well be herself as anyone else. For the rest, the story, which travels from Paris to Japan and China and includes a peep at Unter den Linden, comes to a dazzling finish at the San Francisco Exhibition. The scenery, as was to be expected, is in the best Alhambra style, and the costumes of the ladies are simply dreams. When Mr. Alfred Lester and Miss Violet Loraine have had a chance to develop the humorous possibilities of the story, *Round the Map* should draw the town.

JINGLE

The Tide of Victory

PASSED BY CENSOR

Lieut. Oakley's silhouettes show touchingly and truly the phases of the Tide of Victory, its flow and its ebb



THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

BY DELL LEIGH

I BELIEVE the correct expression is "built up a business." That is what Ted Fry had done; but in his case it was literally a construction—stone by stone, press by press, process block by process block—and in the teeth of keen competition and trade rivalry. Ted Fry dealt in photogravure and the four-colour process, and he loved his work and the beautiful finished pictures with that quiet absorption shared only by Scotch engineers over their engines in the holds of creaky trading vessels of the 1908 class. To understand the tragedy that fell upon Fry from the June sunlight you must know something of the personality of the man. He was one of those rare creatures who can succeed without making enemies. Three things went towards a character which cannot be bought with gold. He had a keen sense of the ridiculous; a mind quick to love and knowing no bitterness, and an impregnable honesty of purpose. Men loved him because when they talked to him of themselves, as men will at the slightest provocation, he listened with rapt attention, and was invariably interested to the point of further questioning. So much for the man. The business grew, and extended photogravuric petals this way and that, until extensions became necessary, followed by a branch factory at Hounslow. This was the pride of Ted's life. He had watched it building, floor by ferro-concrete floor; and when the line shafting came in and the 20 h.p. motors were bedded down, he had beamed with pure joy upon the grumbling shop's foreman, used to hand-turned machines. When the war engrossed the attention of a dormant England Ted's staff became caught up in the maelstrom by pairs and half-dozens; but this could be borne, and Fry and Company, Ltd., carried on bravely. There was compensation, too, in war orders for photogravures of fashionable admirals and generals with which to grace the walls of patriotic British parlours. So that, despite prevailing pessimism the process blocks were always in commission, and Ted continued to "build," himself at peace with all mankind, and the whole of his earned capital now sunk in the business.

❀ ❀

CAME, then, to him upon the fateful morning two staff officers in a large Crossley car. They wished to see the works. They had heard he was doing very good work, and might they "have a look round—thanks so much." It was a proud man who conducted them, in his shirtsleeves, through basement, ground and first floor of the small factory, explaining high technicalities of printing to two inordinately intelligent soldiers. Ted's simplicity of purpose failed to show him anything odd in the raising of the two gold-peaked caps so often towards the high windows, the remarks as to north light and the quality of the ventilation. But on the morrow all was revealed in the form of a letter among Ted's post, which was headed, "Your Factory at Hounslow," and went on to say that some person, unknown to Ted, was "instructed by the Army Council to take possession of these premises under the Defence of the Realm Regulations." It added (kindly) that "none of your machinery, with the exception of the shafting and the motive power, will be required by the department, and you should remove same forthwith."

❀ ❀

BUT where? Into the half-acre field at the back for disintegration by rust? As to insurance, Ted was informed that the War Office would not be responsible for damage caused by fire, aircraft, or bombardment, and it was important, therefore, that existing insurances should be maintained. That wasn't bad. He paid the guinea per cent., printer's rate, on a policy of seven thousand. Ted remarked to the works manager that there must be some mistake; they had forgotten to ask him to pay for the gas, water, and electric light consumed by "The Department." But the works manager continued to drum his fingers nervously on the new board-room table, and did not smile.

❀ ❀

TOWARDS noon, when the shock had to some extent passed over Ted and left him merely rather white of face, the two bland officers arrived again. Ted took them into his office and began his humble questions. No; he must not take the boiler coke away, but whether they would buy it or not remained to be seen—later. Yes; they wanted immediate occupancy—say a week or ten days, perhaps.

"And if I appeal?"

The senior man, a kindly Colonel of Engineers, leant forward.

"Mr. Fry, the country is at war; there is no appeal. If you don't—er—fall in with our views we shall be constrained to put your nice machinery outside there on the grass, and—well—we hope it will be a fine day."

"I know, I know"—Ted felt rather ashamed of himself for having mentioned a hope of appeal—"of course it's got to be done. Only, you see," he faltered, "I'm a one-man show really, and this has come rather as a blow—it's a bit sudden; but I will do anything to help, naturally; I'll find another place—somewhere."

The Colonel rose. "That's the right spirit, Mr. Fry, if you'll allow me to say so. And the right spirit is everything nowadays, isn't it? Good morning!"

Summer in the North Sea

PASSED BY CENSOR

One of His Majesty's ships in the North Sea Patrol, after a thirty hours' gale. The boat appears to be six inches deep in snow, but no snow fell. The spray froze as it came aboard, and produced the remarkable effect illustrated

Sportive Soldiers

BY ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY

FROM sources both official and unofficial news occasionally gets through to convince us that the average British soldier is not going to allow his sportive instincts to be interfered with by a mere war. In his rare moments of leisure from the ghastly work to hand the British soldier wants something to play at; and it would seem that he gets it. Indeed, when he does not get it he evidently feels the deprivation more keenly than anything. There was a story of a badly wounded veteran at a base hospital who, as soon as he was able to sit up and take notice, asked for an English newspaper. When he turned to look for the football news and found that there was no news of the kind, he assured those about him that this was the rottenest war he had ever been in.

❋

QUITE recently news came through of a boxing-match between British soldiers behind the Italian lines, and actually under fire. It seems to me that a boxer who has got to keep one eye on his opponent's "left" and the other on the watch for shell splinters, must be a very keen sportsman indeed. It must be an anxious moment for the referee when he is called upon to decide whether the man counted out was finished by that last hook with the right or whether he caught a stray whiff of poison-gas and fell down of his own accord.

❋

I PRESUME the rules of cricket as played behind the lines are adapted to the very special circumstances of the case. If during an exciting match, for instance, a batsman stops half-way in a "run" in order to leave room for a "fat Bertha" to pass unmolested, it would seem hardly fair for the wicket-keeper to run him out; and if the crack bowler of the team is put momentarily off his stroke by the nearness of a high-explosive shell-burst, the umpire would hardly be justified in declaring a "wide."

❋

SEEING that sport is so prevalent on our front it seems a pity that the Germans should be such poor sportsmen. If, for instance, the Huns got wind of the fact that the match of the season had been fixed for Saturday afternoon the least they could do would be to announce that they would suspend hostilities for an hour or two on condition that they got the earliest news of the result so that they could adjust their bets. As a matter of fact, it seems that if the Hun cannot do anything else he tries to throw "crumps" on the pitch, so that the bowling becomes frightfully uninteresting.

❋

FROM the number of golfing weapons that one sees on their way to the front, I judge that the royal and ancient game is not altogether neglected "out there," even in these very busy times. Here, again, special rules will be necessary. If, for instance, a shell comes down and makes a sudden and unexpected bunker between you and the fourteenth green, are the rules of the game stretched to meet the contingency? And if, just as you are nearing the seventeenth hole, it is suddenly wiped out by shell fire, are you entitled to go straight ahead to the eighteenth as a matter of course?

❋

THE sportsman at war will be a fascinating study in the coming days of peace, whether his ideas of sport have taken him out into the open fields behind the lines or to the more restricted limits of a friendly card-party in the trenches. There is a story of a Scottish soldier who used quite uncivil language to the Germans because one of their shells had scattered his party just at the moment when he had a certain "nap" hand, and there was a clear eighteenpence in the kitty. Some of us at home, unduly apprehensive of an occasional bomb in the backyard, might study the ways of our wonderful sportsmen at the front with considerable profit.

HEARTS ARE TRUMPS

Force of Habit

LADY DI (distributing wedding favours, distraught by a long season of flag and programme selling): "Anything over half-a-crown"

Books *of the* Week

AN EXTRAORDINARY CHARACTER

Mr. Horace Bleakley

MR. HORACE BLEAKLEY'S knowledge of the eighteenth century can truthfully be described as both extensive and peculiar, and as a writer he is the very opposite of those industrious hacks who dish up the old memoirs with as much spice as their publishers will allow and expect you to regard them as serious historians Mr. Bleakley, indeed, has all the qualities which go to make up the successful historical investigator. It is his pleasure to tap all available sources before starting to re-create the good old times ; and it was a fortunate idea which led him to plan out a full-dress biography of one of the most extraordinary characters in English history.

The First Radical

HIS *Life of John Wilkes* (Lane: 16*s.*) is astonishingly good, and its appearance at this moment when Bolingbroke's once popular idea of the "patriot king" so definitely is no longer to the taste of the people, is opportune. However scandalous and however insincere Wilkes was, his love of liberty was genuine enough, and Mr. Bleakley is probably justified in dubbing him the first radical. There have been three or four lives of Wilkes, but none of them is on a par with this scholarly and entertaining and scrupulously fair biography of Mr. Bleakley's. There is no glossing over Wilkes's various faults, nor is there any intention to make of him a greater man than he was. Quite rightly, however, Mr. Bleakley considers his hero sufficiently important and sufficiently picturesque to deserve the most thorough investigation carried out on modern lines. New material in some quantity is to hand, which, while in no way altering your previous opinion of the demagogue, helps considerably to your understanding of him. And Mr. Bleakley does not make the mistake of printing too much. His book is an admirable example of what a biography should be.

Wilkes' Period

THE reader who is not too well acquainted with the troubled period during which Wilkes passed his chequered career will find in Mr. Bleakley an unbiased guide. He will have an opportunity of seeing portraits of Wilkes other than the famous caricature by Hogarth—probably the only one he has ever seen—and he will possibly be surprised to hear that Alderman Wilkes made one of the most successful Lord Mayors of London. He may feel that this curious man's vices far outweighed his virtues, but will never find Mr. Bleakley insisting on a more favourable view of his hero than is necessary. In a word, the *Life* is a fine piece of work, splendidly illustrated and produced, and not even the sternest of bibliographers will quarrel with the author over his index or annotations.

R. S.

The Firing-Line Concert Party

The "Light Blues" is the real name of this concert party, whose predilection for "showing" as near the trenches as possible has resulted in the name which appears above the photograph being conferred on them. The "leading lady," who appears inset, is a captain in the A.S.C., and is in charge of the party, whose concerts are highly appreciated

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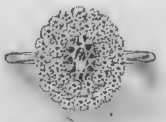

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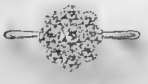

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Racing: Gay Crusader's Derby. By CARBINE

Lucky Mr. Fairie

MR. FAIRIE, the *nom de course* of Mr. Arthur W. Cox, is one of the lucky men of the Turf. He has never kept a very large number of horses in training, and in some seasons his colours have fared badly, but in the course of thirty years he has carried off practically all the chief races, and last week he had the satisfaction of winning the Derby for the second time. He is in luck again, for he possesses in Gay Crusader a brilliant son of his old champion, Bayardo. I was greatly impressed by Gay Crusader's performance last week. There was a time when his backers must have been anxious. He was holding the inside berth before reaching the rails, and looked in some danger of being crowded out of the course. I think Donoghue must have realised this, because he pulled his horse behind some of the others and sought for another opening. Fortunately this soon presented itself, and Gay Crusader dashed through full of running. The race was then as good as over. He had no more trouble, and proved an easy winner from Dansellon, who had also been somewhat interfered with, but ran on very stoutly at the end.

Photograph *Sport and General*

MR. FAIRIE'S "GAY CRUSADER," WINNER OF THE NEW DERBY

The publication of a photograph of Gay Crusader in "The Bystander" just before the Derby proved a good tip. Our picture of Diadem before she won the One Thousand was equally prophetic

❀ ❀

Magpie's Departure

MAJOR WALDORF ASTOR must have regarded the result of the Derby with mixed feelings. Magpie, the best colt he has ever bred, was only a head behind Gay Crusader in the Two Thousand Guinea s, and it is reasonable to suppose that he would have given Mr. Fairie's colt a much harder race than ny of the others did last week. Unfortunately Major Astor sold Magpie to go to Australia. Perhaps this is only another example of Mr. Fairie's good luck. I expect Gay Crusader's next outing will be in the September Stakes, and if he keeps well he ought to add that race to his other triumphs.

OVERSEAS KIT

KIT for Mesopotamia, Egypt, India, the Western front, or for summer at home, can be obtained from a firm established as Military Outfitters during the Crimean War and with the Tropical Outfitting experience dating back to the days of the old East India Company.

There's such a close connection between kit wisdom and fighting efficiency, especially in the Tropics, that it's almost a matter of duty to come to the people with whom you don't risk mistakes.

Drill Service Jacket ...	35/-
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Tropical Serge Jacket ...	70/-
Helmets (2 shapes)	16/6 to 21/-
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Tropical Flannel Shirts ,,	10/6
Spine Pads ... ... ,,	3/6
Gauze Head Nets... ...	4/6
Circular Mosquito Nets ...	10/6
Airtight Uniform Case ...	45/-

All the little things worth knowing about kit are in the "Thresher" guide (8) to kit and equipment which you can have for the asking.

THRESHER & GLENNY

Military Tailors since the Crimean War

152 & 153, Strand, London, W.C.2

By Appointment to H.M. the King.

BL

SCOTCH WHISKY

EXTRA SPECIAL, GOLD LABEL.
SPECIAL VERY OLD, WHITE LABEL.
VERY OLD VATTED, RED CAPSULE.

Proprietors:

BULLOCH, LADE & CO., Ltd.,

ESTABLISHED 1830.

DISTILLERS AT GLASGOW, ISLAY, AND CAMPBELTOWN.

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SIX-CYLINDER MODEL.

Buick Features
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Rear Axle

THE teeth of the Buick "Six" Rear Axle never "slap" each other, and cause that "hum" so often heard from the rear axles of other cars. With the Buick Helical-cut gears several teeth are always in contact, and the load pressure is taken on each tooth gradually, not with a sudden jar or shock. These gears are, therefore, of longer life, and eliminate rear axle noises.

1917 *Buicks consist of* 4 *and* 6-*cylinder Models*

Buicks cannot now be supplied, but let your "After-the-War" Car be a Buick.

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VALVE-IN-HEAD MOTOR CARS

General Motors (Europe), Ltd., 136, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

Stellite Cars

INNOVATIONS embodied in the Post-War car will undeniably increase the popularity and high reputation gained by the Pre-War model.

ADD YOUR NAME TO OUR WAITING-LIST IMMEDIATELY

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Illustrated Naval or Military Catalogues Post Free.

Every Burberry Garment is labelled "Burberrys"

THE BURBERRY

is a Service Weatherproof above all things dependable and healthful. It efficiently resists wet and wind, yet is free to allow the passage of air to and from the body. It withstands the roughest wear, yet is light enough to be worn without fatigue on the closest day.

Made in special Burberry-woven and proofed cloth, THE BURBERRY is free from rubber, oiled-silk or other unhealthy, air-tight fabrics, and therefore cool and comfortable to wear in hot weather.

Owing to the extreme density of the cloth, it turns the keenest wind, and is warm when the temperature is low.

Strong and durable, withstands any amount of hard wear without loss of its unrivalled protective powers.

KIT BURBERRYS are experts in all branches of Military Outfitting, and supply Uniforms for Europe or the Far East, as well as every detail of dress and equipment, at reasonable prices.

Complete Kits in 2 to 4 Days or Ready-to-Wear

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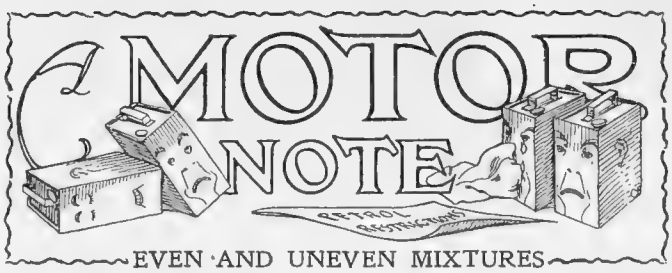
8 & 10 BOUL. MALESHERBES PARIS; ALSO PROVINCIAL AGENTS



A New Process

A LITTLE while ago I observed that Mr. Nat Freeman had been lifting a corner of the secret process which he has been operating within sight of where I happen to be scribbling (up on the Chilterns) for some time. The process takes cheap lamp oils or ordinary crude oils, runs them through a series of twelve stills, and produces 40 to 60 per cent. of a high-grade motor spirit from the former; while it is claimed that, from the latter, the Freeman system would increase the petrol output 500 per cent. And, what is more, the product is vastly superior to the mixed light and heavy spirit contained in the X tins of the No. 1 brand of a certain petrol of commerce.

***

The Freeman Fuel

THIS is a pretty important matter, particularly in the aviation department, where an even spirit, such as Freeman's is claimed to be, is tremendously superior to the uneven mixtures in normal use. I remember Freeman's experimental plant going up just as he was finishing a trial consignment of a thousand gallons or so for the air services. I do not know how Mr. Freeman is likely to stand in relation to supplies of the crude when he gets really busy at output. Obviously he is potentially a very awkward fellow to have loose, from the point of view of Standard Oil; and it is fairly sure that there will be "conversations." However that may be, here's to the success of the Freeman fuel, and may it be a factor in breaking the virtual monopoly and bringing us to the halcyon days of a shilling a gallon once again. But I'm none so hopeful!

***

Another Top-Gear Trial

THE Chalmers, a car of which I have quite a few pleasant recollections when it was being handled over here by Jarrott and Letts, has just brought off a twenty-four hours top-gear non-stop traffic trial in Chicago. During that time it covered 586 miles under observation, an average of over 24m.p.h. without an engine stop, consuming just over an average of 14m.p.g. I do not know whether this can be regarded as a better top-gear performance than those notched by the Rolls-Royce and other machines. I regard all these runs as of no particular value except for publicity purposes, and except, also, as demonstrations of driving efficiency which I would not emulate if I could. They lead mainly to public disappointment when the private owner (who should know better) fails to get the same result. It is not the least bit of use having a multi-gear-box in order to show that extra gears are unnecessary. As for that blessed word flexibility, why, that is not wholly dissociated from a power-gear relationship. The Chalmers trial, therefore, means, mainly, an essay in publicity. It has come off, too. Witness this paragraph! But, lord! I wish we were back among those old trials and tests again.

C.A.V. BRITISH BATTERIES for AMERICAN CARS. Correct size, voltage and capacity for any make and model. Fully guaranteed. Write for particulars.—C. A. VANDERVELL and Co. (Ltd.), Acton, London, W.

MARVELLOUS ECONOMY IN LIGHTING.—Half your Petrol Saved and a better light by having Spensers' Patent Duplex Carburetter fixed to your lighting generator (works with motor petrol).—For particulars apply to SPENSERS, Ltd., 53b, South Molton St., W.

HOBSON PLUGS (British made) are being supplied in large numbers to the Allies for use in the Mechanical Transport section and for Aeroplane engines.—Illustrated leaflet with description of types from H. M. HOBSON, Ld., 29, Vauxhall Bdg. Rd., S.W.

WHAT'S BUILT IN THE CAR.

The excellence of a production can be gauged by its second-hand value. Standard 12-16 h.p.

SUNBEAM

cars made by us in 1914 and sold for £446 10 0 retail, have a present market of from £500 to £595, and that after 3 YEARS' HARD SERVICE.

The Sunbeam experience of standardising extra-efficiency in the guise of the increasing numbers of

SUNBEAM-COATALEN AIRCRAFT ENGINES

involving perfection of design, workmanship and material, must inevitably exercise its influence on our post-war productions.

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO., LTD.
Head Office and Works - - - Wolverhampton
Manchester Showroom - - - 112, Deansgate
London and District Agents for Cars:
J. Keele, Ltd., 72, New Bond St. W. 1.

These extracts are taken from the second-hand car advertisements appearing in the Trade Papers

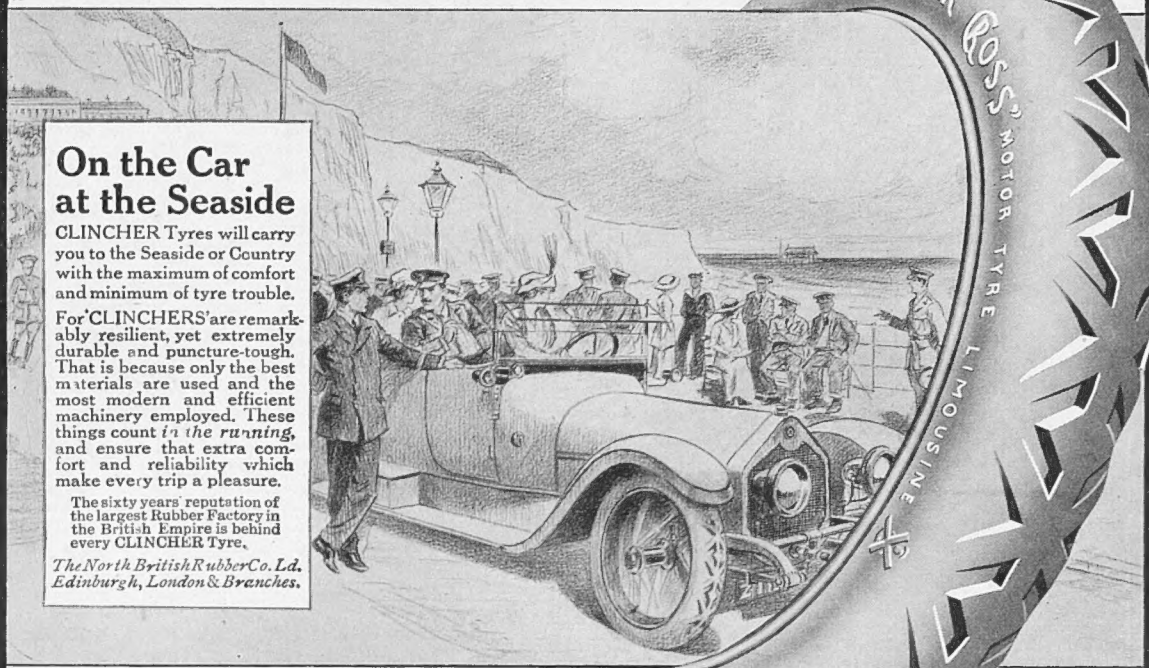
SUNBEAM, 12-16 h.p., 1914, late model, 5 detachable wheels, painted green, upholstered in green, sliding front seats, speedometer, clock, one-man hood, and is as new throughout, £595.

SUNBEAM, 12-16 h.p., 1914, September, 5 seater body with sliding front seats, 5 detachable wheels, clock, speedometer, small cupboard on dash, dash lamp, full equipment of tools, guaranteed, the whole car is indistinguishable from brand new, painted grey, £575.

SUNBEAM, 12-16 h.p., 1914, 5 seater, sliding front seats, perfect, £575.

SUNBEAM, 12-16 h.p., 1914, 5 seater, sliding front seats, speedometer, all instruments on polished mahogany board; this car has been very carefully used and is mechanically perfect, £550.

"The Proof of the Tyre is in the Running."



On the Car at the Seaside

CLINCHER Tyres will carry you to the Seaside or Country with the maximum of comfort and minimum of tyre trouble.

For 'CLINCHERS' are remarkably resilient, yet extremely durable and puncture-tough. That is because only the best materials are used and the most modern and efficient machinery employed. These things count *in the running*, and ensure that extra comfort and reliability which make every trip a pleasure.

The sixty years' reputation of the largest Rubber Factory in the British Empire is behind every CLINCHER Tyre.

The North British Rubber Co. Ld. Edinburgh, London & Branches.

NORTH BRITISH
CLINCHER
Motor TYRES
Stockists Everywhere.

Let Us Advise You—

AS TO THE FITTING OF YOUR "After the War" CAR

First and Foremost, insist on a C.A.V. LIGHTING and STARTING Set.

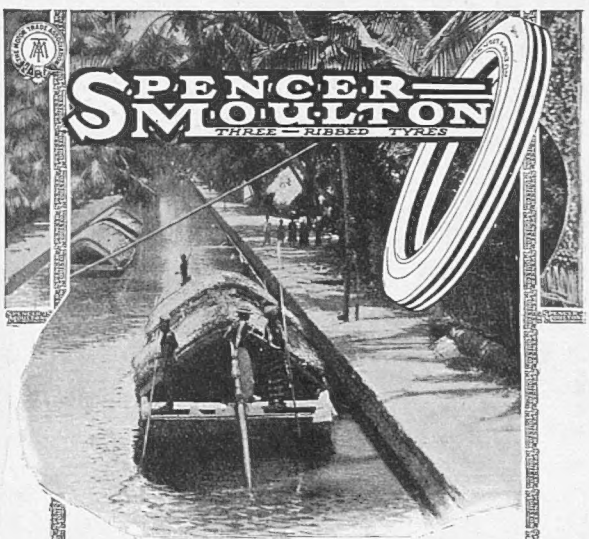
The ALL BRITISH System that is as easily controlled by the Novice as it is highly rated by the Expert, who finds in it all the indispensable requirements of CONVENIENCE, POWER and ACCESSIBILITY.

British Trade Mark C A V Made.

C. A. Vandervell & Co., Ltd., ACTON. LONDON. W.
PARIS - BIRMINGHAM - DUBLIN - MANCHESTER

Members of Motor Trade Association

34 G



THE vast difference between the laboured slowness of Cingalese Canal Transport of raw rubber, and the easy speed of Spencer-Moulton Three-Ribbed Tyres, lies in a constantly improved process of manufacture. Spencer-Moultons have a toughness, elasticity, and reliability invaluable for commercial use.

GEORGE SPENCER, MOULTON & Co., Ltd., 77-79, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

DEPOTS at—
Glasgow: 65-67, Bothwell Street; Manchester: Leo. Swain & Co., 237-239, Deansgate; Leeds: 68, Albion Street; Nottingham: A. R. Atkey & Co., Ltd., Trent St.; Bristol: Haslam & Stretton, Ltd., Bristol Bridge; Cardiff: Haslam & Stretton, Ltd., 11, Windsor Place. Also Dublin, Belfast, and Cork.

P.C-B.—124

SPENCER-MOULTON
THREE-RIBBED TYRES

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

THE UNTEARABLE COMBINATION
PONCHO & GROUND SHEET

PRICE 32/6

Light in weight, yet strong and thoroughly waterproof, the fabric does not tear, is durable, and yields long service. It can be worn as a Rainproof Cape when standing or walking and as a Waterproof Double or Single Ground Sheet when resting or sleeping. When not in use it folds up into a small waterproof envelope, 9½ by 7 inches, weighing little over a pound.

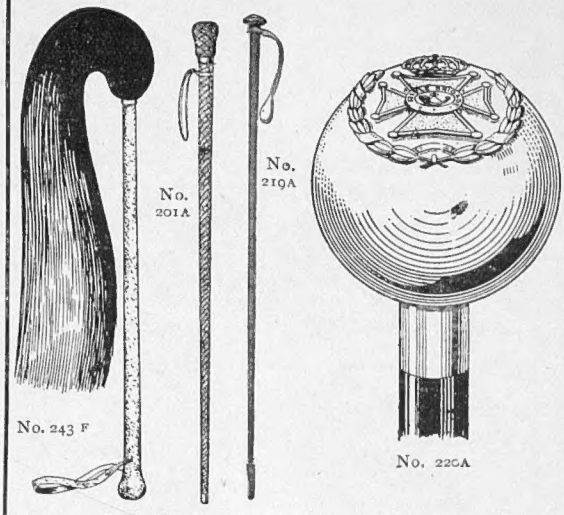
TURNBULL & ASSER,

Military and Sporting Outfitters,

71-72, JERMYN ST., LONDON, S.W.

Telegrams: "PADDYWHACK, London." Telephone: 4628 GERRARD

PRACTICAL KIT
OFFICERS' LOADED STICKS AND WHIPS



	£	s.	d.
No. 201A.—Loaded stick, whalebone centre, plaited all over kangaroo hide, wrist strap, length 30in. or 36in. ...	2	10	0
No. 201B.—Ditto, whalebone centre, covered all over pigskin, sliding wrist strap, length 36in.	2	2	0
No. 201B.—Ditto, steel centre, covered all over pigskin, sliding wrist strap	1	8	6
No. 201C.—Ditto, short length, for riding	1	2	6
No. 243F.—Fly Whisks, covered pigskin, with white, black, or red hair leather wrist loop	1	5	0
Ditto, ditto, loaded butt	1	10	0
No. 243.—Ditto, ash or cane, with white or black hair ...		13	6
No. 219A.—Best all whalebone plaited kangaroo hide Cutting Whip and Wrist Strap	1	12	6
No. 220A.—Swagger Stick, ebony silver ball and tip, with Rifle Brigade or K.R.R. crest embossed	1	10	0
No. 220B.—Ditto, Malacca cane with any regimental crest embossed to order	1	15	0
No. 220C.—Ditto, Malacca cane with plain silver ball and tip		16	0

Postage to B.E.F. 1/- extra. Send for NEW *Illustrated List of War Equipment.*

SWAINE & ADENEY

By Appointment to H.M. the King

185 PICCADILLY, LONDON. W.1.

Order Your Norwegian Boots for the Winter Now

The last two years we have been unable to supply half the customers who required them. This year the conditions are still more difficult. Labour is scarcer and leather less plentiful. By ordering now you can secure them, and they are

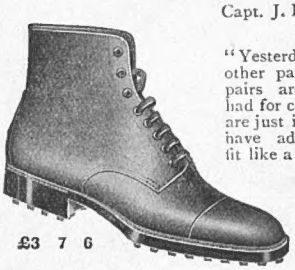
The Best Boots for Active Service

Model No. 20. **£7 0 0**

WRITE FOR DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLETS OF BOOTS, LEGGINGS and SPURS. Also SELF-MEASUREMENT APPARATUS IF UNABLE TO CALL

WE ACCEPT FULL RESPONSIBILITY AS TO FIT IF THE DIRECTIONS ARE CAREFULLY FOLLOWED

Model No. 1. **£7 0 0**



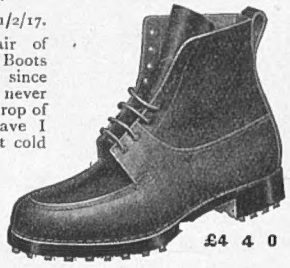
£3 7 6

Capt. J. F. D. writes:
France, 25/1/17

"Yesterday I received my other pair of boots. Both pairs are the best I have had for comfort and fit. They are just it, and all our officers have admired them. They fit like a glove, and are great to walk and ride with. I intend to wear no other boots but Faulkners'."

Lieut. G. S. H. writes:
B. E. F., 21/2/17.

"I have worn a pair of your Norwegian Field Boots out here continuously since last year. They have never been soled or let one drop of water in, neither have I known during the past cold snap what it is to have cold feet. The boots are now as good as the day I bought them."



£4 4 0

51 & 52, S. Molton St., Bond St., London, W. 1.

Faulkner & Son

SPECIALISTS IN SERVICE BOOTS & LEGGINGS.

and 26, Trinity St., Cambridge

FEMINA

Woman's Little War Worries

THE COMPLEAT JAMMER

BY "EFEMERA"

"All British"

THERE are a number of characteristically English foods—things you never find except in Anglo-Saxon countries; or, at least, if you do find them you discover that they are not indigenous to the soil—nothing but an imitation, and generally a poor one at that; bacon and eggs, for instance, steak and kidney pie, that brand of suet pudding commonly, and for good reason, known as "sudden death," and such fatal combinations as bubble-and-squeak and toad-in-the-hole; but of all essentially English things, jam is far and away the most British.

The Harmless, Necessary Jam

CAN you imagine an English household without jam? What would become of the English breakfast and the English tea were jam suddenly to vanish from the face of the earth? Bread may be the staff of life, but without jam it is a hollow reed. Eliminate jam and the whole fabric of British diet falls to the ground. Housekeeping without jam would be about as easy as baking without flour—a feat we seem to be attempting, unless the nondescript mixture with which we are supplied can be called flour.

The First Step

OF the making of jam there is no end, particularly in this year of grace, and the trials of the jam-maker are many and varied. First, one had to begin in the green and colicky days when no right-minded housekeeper in the ordinary course of events would have thought of such a thing. One went out and inspected the gooseberry and currant bushes, the strawberry-bed, the raspberry-canes, and such fruit trees as one happened to possess, with a speculative eye, striving to calculate how much would ripen and how many pounds of sugar one might reasonably demand of the obliging Mr. Rewcastle. As usual the optimistic were the best served. It is always an excellent plan to ask a great deal that you may receive something. The meek may eventually inherit the earth, but, somehow, the bold seem to get most of it for present use.

Watchful Waiting

WHO shall describe the anxious watching, the frantic manufacture of bird-scares, the shoving away of small boys and other marauders, the lurkings, armed with an air-gun, in hopes of surprising a predatory blackbird, the incitement of the domestic cat to the ardours of the chase, the triumphant counting of each sparrow that fell? The preparation for jam-making ought to take its place amongst our British sports—at least, if you reckon by results, for what is a racing-cup or a brace of grouse in these days beside a row of jam-pots? Then came the excitement of getting the sugar, the safeguarding of the precious hoard—and paying the bill. There might not be another grain in the house, but were we not all upon oath to use the treasure for jam, wholly for jam, and for nothing but jam? And now the jam season is upon us.

Excess of Virtue

OF course, jam-making is an art, but, fortunately for the novice, a fairly simple one. Nearly every housewife has her own pet recipes, but these are only surface flourishes, the main principle does not vary. Not everyone succeeds, but there always were, and always will be,

(*Continued on page 282*)

"What is a racing-cup beside a row of jam-pots?"

"THE COMPLEAT JAMMER" (concluded)

people who cannot even face oncoming traffic according to rule. If you will pick your fruit wet you cannot be surprised if your jam turns watery or mouldy. It is obviously pleasanter to choose a dry day, but over-enthusiasm or a thirst for martyrdom will drive some women out to pick fruit in a driving rain—which only goes to show what a vicious nuisance superfluous virtue can be. It is a lamentable state of mind that insists upon confounding discomfort with righteousness—and it spoils the jam.

⁂

Hints to the Wise

ANOTHER example of excess in well-doing is extravagance in sugar. Why use a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit when in most cases three-quarters is quite sufficient? We have long ago given up our other inherited recipes which began calmly: "Take a dozen eggs." Our recipes now begin: "First catch your sugar, or your egg." In those days both sugar and eggs appear to have grown upon the bushes. What wonderful gardens they must have had!

⁂

Don't Stop Stirring!

A CERTAIN amount of virtuous energy is, of course, indispensable; you can't stop stirring, once the jam is on the fire, just because you happen to feel tired or lazy, or because your complexion is rapidly assuming the hue of a beetroot; and you must, if you wish for success, observe the aseptic cleanliness of a surgical operation, particularly in the case of bottling without sugar. The slightest carelessness and all your trouble goes for nothing; but that is where a V.A.D. training comes in useful, and what woman in the length and breadth of Britain has not qualified for some sort of Red Cross certificate? There is room for another society, and we should start it: The Honourable Order of Jammers. EFEMERA

LE DERNIER CRI DE PARIS

THIS clever and useful little dress of French blue velours de laine, lined with pearl-grey cloth, is equally suitable for the seaside or for travelling. The suggestion of a waistcoat, fastened by three large embroidered buttons, boasts a sensible collar, which can either have its broad band fastened round the neck or allowed to fall open. The skirt is attached to a simple kimono corsage, embellished only by a narrow collar and cuffs. Both skirt and waistcoat are finished with broad bands of ivory-white velours de laine, embroidered with chenille in red and two shades of blue, giving a Tartan effect; while the edges of the skirt, sleeves, and waistcoat are bordered with rich scarlet embroidery, worked in button-hole stitch

Fashion's Fancies.

BY MRS. JACK MAY

ALTHOUGH when these notes are read it will probably be raining in torrents and bitterly cold, as I write the summer heat continues a giddy career, and reduces us all to a melting indifference to everything except how to dress cool, eat cool, and look cool. For us of the feminine sex the dressing cool has been rendered most mercifully easy. It is one of our few privileges that it should be so, although, perhaps, for those of us with a shred of conscience left there is a small fly in the ointment in feeling comparatively cool in contrast to our menkind clad in khaki and blue. Collars are the worst offenders, and from close observation the stiffened white ones of the Navy appear to bring about the greatest amount of discomfort. Starch is always suffocating, whether applied to clothes or manners.

⁂

Reflections on the Cool Summer Frock

IN the matter of ideally cool summer frocks we could quite well exhaust another three months of steady demand without plumbing the depth of the supply, anyway of ideas; and the sales have in all probability left in their trail many a dress-length, picked up cheap, of *voile*, cotton, georgette, pin-spot muslin, and the like. On reflection, the coolest dresses have been the simplest creations of delicately coloured Paisley-patterned, striped or self-coloured *voile* and georgette. The figure capable of a short waist *bébé* bodice, with low round *décolletage*, has made a *succès fou* of these frocks. A dark blue, nigger, grey, or putty-coloured wide-brimmed hat and swathe of *tulle* to match, together with shoes and stockings, completing an *ensemble* of finely arresting character.

On the river, the smart *vive* silk jersey is now completed by a coquettish Beret fashioned of the same material, rose, gladiola, pink, jade, and *sèvres*-blue counting among the best approved *nuances* of the season; the white skirt, pleated for choice, remaining, as ever, perfectly correct.

⁂

"La Naturelle" at the Maison Georges

THE various phases through which the art of wig-making has passed since the first crude efforts thousands and thousands of years ago has culminated in a veritable triumph for M. Georges, 40, Buckingham Palace Road. There is absolutely nothing artificial about his marvellous "La Naturelle," save and except the fact that art is induced to personify Nature, the transition stage being so skilfully and

(Continued on page 284)